

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



MIDDIES ASHORE.

THE FRANKLINS;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONVICT.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—RESTORED TO LIFE—EXPLANATIONS.

"WHAT cheer, then? What cheer? My poor boy! There! that's brave, Mr. Franklin. Now your colour is coming back; and you are safe, sir—safe."

Words to this import, and many more of them, seemed to call me back to life, or rather, to rouse me from a dreamy vision of green fields, murmuring streams, and a calm bright sky. I opened my eyes, and found myself with my head reclining on the strong arm of

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Richard Adams, whose countenance, as he bent over me, was softened into feminine tenderness, while tears were unconsciously and freely trickling down his weather-beaten cheeks. My bosom was bared, and the cool breeze of approaching evening was gratefully fanning my fevered frame.

I was too confused and faint at first to speak or to move; but full consciousness soon returned, and brought with it the vivid recollection of my recent death-struggle. A burst of hysterical tears and sobs relieved me.

"That's well, Mr. Franklin: don't be ashamed to cry,

P PRICE ONE PENNY; OR WITH COLOURED ILLUSTRATION, TWOPENCE.

sir; it will do you good, you know," said Adams, in gentle, loving tones, while he raised me a little from my recumbent posture, but without removing his arm from under me. So, as I sat by his side, my head still rested against his shoulder.

"Where am I?" I asked faintly, as soon as I could articulate. My voice sounded very strange to me. And in asking this question I looked up and around; for my full impression was that I had fallen precipitately down from the cliff, and had by some miraculous means escaped from death.

"Look about you, Mr. Franklin; can't you remember the place?" said Adams, anxiously, I thought.

I did look around; and then I knew that I was seated on the same bank from which I had been roused by the approach of the man Green. The edge of the cliff was just beyond, with the blue sea stretching out in the distance; and between ourselves and the cliff the ground was trampled and the short turf torn up. I shuddered as I saw it.

"The prisoner—where is he?" I asked, fearfully.

"Ah, I see, sir, you are come to now."

"Is he gone?"

"Ay, ay, sir; don't be alarmed about the man, Mr. Franklin; he is gone; he won't trouble you again. But how was it?" he demanded. "Can you bear to talk about it, and tell me how it happened that you two were grappling together in that mad way?"

I told him, as I have already told you, Miles, all that I remembered of what had previously happened.

"Ay," said Adams, coolly: "I thought that must have been it; but I did not know that you might not have tried to capture the man single-handed. But he was afraid of you, you see; and 'tis fear that makes some savage creatures dangerous. He thought you would be hunting after him; and he has no fancy for the yard-arm. It was all a mistake, altogether, Mr. Franklin."

"It was a mistake that would have cost me my life but for your help, Adams," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I cannot deny that another half, or quarter of a minute, would have been too late. You were all but over the cliff, Mr. Franklin, when I caught the fellow by the scruff of the neck and sent him to the right-about. But never mind about that now. 'A miss is as good as a mile,' they say. You were as near death on board 'The Alerte,' sir; and yet you escaped."

"Yes," said I; "and you saved me then, as you have saved me now, and from the same man too. I shall not forget that I twice owe my life to you."

The man laughed; and I should have thought the laugh a strange mocking one, if I had not witnessed the strong emotions Adams had betrayed just before—emotions which contradicted the suspicion that he thought little of the peril from which he had rescued me. It seemed to me then, and I fancy now, that he was half ashamed of the interest he had shown in me, and therefore assumed an indifference he did not feel. It may be flattering to myself to think this, but I cannot avoid the conclusion.

Instead of answering me, having laughed his laugh, he said, touching his hat, "If you feel strong enough to walk, sir, may be we had better be moving downwards. There's a longish stretch between here and the harbour."

I looked at my watch, and saw that it was six o'clock. Then I started to my feet, and for the first time felt how sore and stiff and strained I felt with my wrestling. After a little while, however, this wore off, and I strode on, followed by Adams.

We went on for some time in silence: then I said—

"You have not explained, Adams, how you came to be near, just at the nick of time to save my life."

"If I were on equal terms with you, sir—" he began.

"Don't be a fool, Adams; you are on equal terms, or rather, on more than equal terms with me. Where should I now be, but for you?"

"Well, then, Mr. Franklin, being on equal terms with you—for the time only—might I ask how *you* came to be up yonder?" He pointed backward with his thumb to the point whence we had descended.

"That's easily explained," said I. "I got tired of sitting over the wine, and as I could not move my friends away from the table, I left them and climbed up there to breathe freer."

"Just so, sir; I got tired of my friends too," said he, "and wanted more air to breathe."

"But it strikes me," I continued, pertinaciously, "that you had some knowledge of my being on before, else why—?"

"It would be easy for me," interposed Adams, "to deny this; but there is no harm in my saying that one of the sentries below told me that a reefer had passed him. And to tell you the truth, I suspected it was you, Mr. Franklin; for there is not another midshipman of your mess so likely to have run away from the wine as you, sir."

This was the truth, no doubt; but I question whether it was all the truth. I suspect, Miles, that the good fellow, who has, as I have told you before, chosen to take me under his special protection (out of gratitude for the slight service I once rendered him), had watched and followed me. Well for me that he had.

I said that I had reason to be thankful that he was of the same mind with myself; and added, "I should like to ask you another question, Adams."

"Still on equal terms, sir?"

"Of course. Answer it or not as you like. The question is, Were you aware, or did you suspect, that *Jem Green* the deserter had escaped and was at large?"

"I can easily answer *that*, Mr. Franklin. Before I saw him just now, with your life in his hands, I had no more doubt than you had of the fellow having been drowned; but it is plain that he has as many lives as a cat." The man said this so promptly and above-board, that I was convinced of his truthfulness; at the same time, he spoke as though he were tired of the subject. I did not drop it, however; for a horrible suspicion had crossed my mind.

"Is the man living now, do you suppose?" I asked.

"You mean to say, did I pitch him over the cliff, as he deserved? No, sir; I didn't pitch him over the cliff, though I had a good mind to it. I let him go, Mr. Franklin—we are still on equal terms, sir."

"Don't doubt it; and ever shall be. I am glad you let the fellow go."

By this time we had made a considerable descent towards the town, and we walked on in silence for several minutes, which was at last broken by Adams.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Mr. Franklin."

"Granted before it is asked," I said.

"I think you are not revengeful and bloodthirsty, sir."

"I hope not," said I.

"And that it wouldn't be any real pleasure to you to see any poor fellow swinging at the yard-arm, or anywhere else?"

"You are right."

"You would rather give him a chance of his life, I take it, sir."

"There is no doubt of it," I said.

"Even though he had gone against the law, sir."

"Let the law take care of itself," I rejoined; "I seek no revenge."

"And even if the poor wretch had made an attempt on your own life?" he added.

"I'll forgive him, if I am secure from him in future."

"That's noble, sir. Well, Mr. Franklin, I'll be bondsman for Jem Green in future: and what I want to ask of you is, to be mum about this afternoon's work."

"I promise I will," said I.

"You see," continued Adams, "if you should split upon having seen the man, every hole and corner in Gibraltar would have to be searched till——"

"Be satisfied," I said; "the fellow shall be safe, as far as I am concerned."

"Thank you, sir." And then we walked on silently again. This time I spoke first.

"Adams, do you mind telling——"

"The truth, sir?"

"Yes, the truth."

"When it isn't uncommonly inconvenient, sir, or more than ordinarily dangerous, I can generally manage it," said he laughing.

"Well, will it be inconvenient or dangerous to say that you and that deserter are old acquaintances?"

"What should make you think such a thing, sir?" asked Adams, rather startled, I thought.

I told him of having detected looks of intelligence passing between them.

"My looks tell tales, it seems, then, Mr. Franklin. Well, sir, being still on equal terms——?"

"Yes, on equal terms."

"I don't mind saying to you, Mr. Franklin, that I and Green knew one another very well, some years ago; but we have not met since then. And more than that, I never wanted to meet him again, and don't want now."

"I can understand that," I said.

"It is not a story for to-day, sir," continued Adams; "but some day, I may ask you to hear all about it."

"I shall be pleased——" I began to say; but he stopped me.

"No; it won't be a pleasant story, as you will feel when the time comes—if it should come—for you to hear it. But now, sir"—and the man, touching his hat, fell farther back, and dropped entirely the freedom of his tone and manner—"equal terms being over, I had better go and look up the boat's crew, if you will give me orders."

We had reached the town; and though it wanted an hour to sunset, I suspected that the time would be short enough for collecting stragglers. I gave Adams the order, therefore, and parting with him then, to meet at the landing-place presently, I went in search of my messmates, whom I found where I had left them two or three hours before. How I managed to get them into the boat, and how (thanks to Adams principally) we all managed to reach the frigate without any serious accident, isn't worth telling.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—UP THE MEDITERRANEAN—MALTA—A RUN ON SHORE—SAILORS ON HORSEBACK—A SHIP ON FIRE.

AFTER a month in harbour, during which time we were pretty busy, refitting and shipping fresh stores, we received orders to proceed up the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, the fleet of merchantmen which had made the bay lively, sailed under convoy to England. This was a disappointment to some of us on board "The Glorious," as we had hoped to get a look at home; but there is no use in grumbling.

A run of six days, aided by a favourable wind, brought us to Sicily, where we were joined by two other frigates, in whose company we set sail at once to Malta. It now leaked out that our small squadron was under orders to join another portion of the fleet at Constantinople. Here we now are; and after a good long silence (for which, perhaps, you may thank me in your heart, Miles), I shall give you some account of how the time has passed since I last wrote to you.

I must tell you, first, that while we were anchored at Malta, some half-dozen of us reefers had another run on shore; and we managed to make an active day of it, if not a profitable one.

Fancy, Miles, what delight it is to a set of boys—for we are positively little better or wiser than boys, though we have down on our chins, and bristles, too, some of us; but fancy, I say, the delight, after being cooped up for weeks and months, of being emancipated, even for a few short hours, and casting cares and grievances to the winds—of being allowed to revel in nature, and freedom from constraint. Excepting my day at Gibraltar, which was near bringing me to such a tragic end, I had not trodden *terra firma* since leaving England; and all my fellow reefers were in like case.

It was a splendid day; the sun shone out upon us to gladden our hearts; and with hats waving and throats vocal, we tumbled into our boat and pulled to shore.

Having landed at the Nix Mangiare stairs, we strolled into Valetta; peeped into and admired the grandeur and magnificence of St. John's, and other of the most celebrated churches; ordered a dinner to be ready for us by six o'clock at the "Croce di Malta;" and then mounted such cavalry as we could procure, intending to have a gallop right across the island.

Did you ever see a sailor on horseback, Miles? I suppose not, though; for your acquaintance does not run among such amphibious animals. Well, the pleasure is to come, and I won't take off the gist of your enjoyment by attempting to describe what is indescribable. As for myself, you know I was a tolerably respectable horseman at Oakley, and I have not yet forgotten my *tours de manège*; but as to the rest of us, I don't believe that one of them had ever crossed a horse's back before this time; so much the better fun; for, whatever else they are incapable of doing, sailors stick tight enough when once mounted.

Well, off we started, some of us, for want of nobler barbs, on mules, one or two on "Jerusalem ponies;" for my own part, I got a decent hack, whose worst fault was a disposition to run away from the society into which it was thus thrown. I did not wonder at this, and rather applauded the animal for its pride of birth and station.

A ride of about two hours took us to Citta Vecchia, and, after freshening, we proceeded to the famous catacombs, the chief objects of our excursion. They are situated near the village, and excavated in the rock of which the whole island is composed. There was not so much to be seen, after all. The only relics of mortality I observed in these "low-browed caverns of the dead" were five men, dressed in the habiliments of Capuchin friars, and placed upright in one of the numerous niches. Their hands and faces were shrunk and withered to the appearance of dust-coloured parchment, and their glassy eyes stood open with vacant, unmeaning stare.

At six o'clock we returned to Valetta, where we dined, according to order, and then returned on board without further adventure. When I remind you that this was several weeks ago, and that I have not since

that day once trodden mother earth, you will forgive my referring to the expedition.

And now, I have a more serious matter to describe.

Two or three weeks ago, we were anchored off Tenedos, with our squadron augmented to some half-dozen frigates and two or three smaller craft. I had just turned in, one night, when an alarm of fire roused me from my first sweet nap, and caused me, with all the officers and crew who were not there already, to tumble up on deck. In the first confusion it was believed that our own ship was on fire; but fortunately (for us) this was a mistake.

On first reaching the deck, I stumbled against Adams, and asked him what the matter was.

He pointed to starboard, and said the "The Ajax." This was the name of one of the frigates we had recently joined, and which was anchored at two or three cables' length from us.

There was no need to say more. Volumes of dense smoke, illumined by occasional flashes of lurid flame, were bursting from her stern-ports, and drifting away to leeward in clouds which blackened the moon-lit sky, and cast dark shadows upon the sea.

It was soon seen that the fire was making fearful progress, the flames issuing in a continuous stream from the after part of the ship, and ascending towards the poop. The night signal had been made for assistance upon the first alarm, and every exertion was made to get our boats in readiness to take off the crew, while, at the same time, it was necessary to increase the distance of our frigate from the doomed ship.

I had never, till that night, seen the full value of discipline on board ship. In the first moment of alarm, and when half of our men had been roused from their hammocks, there was a great degree of confusion; but no sooner had the drum beat to quarters than the confusion ceased, every man took his proper station, and the orders, which were uttered in rapid succession, were as rapidly obeyed. It was this admirable instinct of instant obedience which enabled us effectually to aid our consort.

The first thing our captain did was to order the cable to be cut, and to stand out to sea at a safe distance from the burning ship; and then the boats were lowered, ready for prompt service, their crews gliding down the frigate's side, and taking their several positions in silence.

By this time we could see that the other ships of the squadron had also taken the alarm; and in a few minutes, comparatively, the sea was studded with boats, gathering round and hastening to the scene of conflagration.

Not being in either of the boats, and having, at that time, no duty on board to perform, except that of conveying orders from the quarter-deck to different parts of the frigate, I had leisure enough to watch with fearful interest the progress of destruction; for, from the manner in which the fire was gaining head, it was now evident that the safety of the crew must depend upon the exertions and assistance of the boats of the squadron. The flames had already burst through the stern, wrapping the whole of the after part of the ship in fire; owing, however, to the direction of the wind, and also, no doubt, to the great and untiring efforts of the stout-hearted crew to subdue them, their progress forward was not rapid. Still, they advanced, and before midnight presented one of the most terribly sublime pictures I ever beheld.

The wind had now sunk almost to a calm, and the dense black smoke hung like a pall around the devoted ship, while the fire that glowed and raged within

showed every spar, shroud, and rope as distinctly painted as if traced by an artist's pencil. Heated by the intensity of the fire, the guns were discharged, one by one, knelling the death of the noble ship, like minute-guns at the funeral of a deceased officer. Fiercer and fiercer glowed and hissed the resistless element; higher and higher mounted the flames; soon the tough, strong cordage felt their withering touch, dissolving like flax before the breath of the destroyer. No longer sustained aloft, the yards canted on end, and then sank into the yawning, fiery gulf, which seemed to roar and hunger for their reception. The lofty masts, which stood proudly erect to the last, nor yielded till the relentless fire had pierced their inmost core, at length fell prone into the sea. After their fall the hull long remained unmoved; nor did it drift until two o'clock in the morning, when the light wind having veered a little more to the eastward, it was slowly borne towards the Island of Tenedos, where it struck; and at five o'clock a partial explosion of the magazine shattered to pieces what the fire had not consumed.

Previous to this, our boats had returned, having saved a good many of the crew; and on the following day it was ascertained that the captain and half the officers and crew were saved; all the rest had miserably perished.

It is probable that many more would have been rescued had the same intrepidity, coolness, and attention to orders been observed by the whole of the crew, after all hope of saving the ship was abandoned, which marked their conduct up to that time. It appears, however, that when this hope was lost, discipline also disappeared; and the men who had bravely exerted themselves in attempting to subdue the flames, losing all self-command, and even the instinct of self-preservation, madly rushed to their own destruction, precipitating themselves into the sea by dozens and scores, and sinking before the boats could reach them. Others, breaking open the spirit stores, drank to intoxication in spite of all efforts on the part of the officers to prevent it, and were consequently incapable of exertion on their own behalf. But it is not fair to blame these men too severely; for who shall dare say that he will preserve his self-possession and keep all his faculties clear and undisturbed at a moment when, no longer cheered by hope or sustained by excitement, a miserable death from fire or flood stares him in the face?

Nothing, I was assured, could exceed the fortitude, coolness, and exertions of the captain of "The Ajax" on this night of trial. All his orders were given with a distinctness, judgment, and absence of hesitation that inspired the crew with confidence, while his voice, conduct, and demeanour excited them to still renewed exertions, while exertions were not hopeless, and before unreasoning panic had arisen. As long as the most remote chance of saving the ship remained, it is right to say these exertions were not relaxed. Inch by inch and foot by foot the captain retreated before his victorious enemy, until driven to the fore-castle, where, with a few officers and men, he strove to shelter himself. At length, driven to the spritsail-yard, which the fire had not yet reached, and seeing that every soul had now left the ship, he finally plunged into the sea, where he struggled for a considerable time until picked up by a boat.

Let me say a word or two in praise of our men. This is the more due to them, as I remember I gave them rather a black character in my early correspondence. They behaved wonderfully well all through this affair; there was not one of them who could be en-

gaged in saving the hapless crew, who did not behave like a hero, and so as to earn the well-deserved approbation and thanks of our captain. My favourite sailor, Adams, especially conducted himself with astonishing gallantry, I am told, and risked his life again and again, in saving the lives of others. That poor fellow is a mystery to me, Miles, which I cannot fathom. I am sure he is a man of superior education, and his morals are unimpeachable. At the same time, there are many indications, trifling in themselves, which plainly evince, to a practised eye, that he was not originally a sailor. Mr. Grey has tried once or twice (so he tells me) to "draw him out;" but the man is obstinately reserved, and will throw no light upon his past history. After all, I dare say there is no particular mystery in it. The probability is, that the unfortunate man has been frowned upon by what, I remember, he once called his "fate," and, having sunk from some higher station in life, naturally shrinks from making known what would only expose him to fresh mortification. Enough of this, however.

I find that I have described the catastrophe which befel "The Ajax" at greater length than I intended, and shall only add that the burial of the dead (that is, of as many of those who perished as could be collected) was very solemn. But sailors have not much leisure for mourning over departed friends; and I am afraid that the consciousness of constant personal peril has rather a hardening effect on the mind. At any rate, the scene was soon obliterated from most of our minds, when, three or four days afterwards, we weighed anchor and steered for the Dardanelles.

How long we shall remain on this station, or what work is cut out for us here, I cannot say. Probably, when I next find time to write, it will be from another part of the world.

Before I seal up this despatch, Miles, I must remind you that "as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." There is no certainty about the receipt of letters on board ship, of course; but, put into the right channel, they are pretty sure to arrive at last; and you need not fear that the news will be too old to be welcome. You have been to Oakley once and again, no doubt, since I left. Tell me all about it, Miles—not forgetting the vicarage.*

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

In the spring of 1812, the grandeur and power of Napoleon were at their culminating point. Since he broke up the camp at Boulogne, in 1805, his career of success had been rapid and uninterrupted. He had waged two formidable wars against Austria, and had twice entered Vienna as a conqueror. He had annihilated the army and the military fame bequeathed to Prussia by the Great Frederick. He had defeated the most formidable armies of Russia, and inspired the Emperor Alexander with such admiration and respect, that there was a personal friendship between the two potentates, who not only enjoyed the gaieties of life together, but planned between them the domination of Europe, from Paris to Constantinople. Nothing seemed to stand in the way of Napoleon's unbounded ambition but the stubborn enmity

of England, and the war which she managed to keep up in the Peninsula, by the noble military talent of Wellington, who was far from meeting his match even among the most skilful and famous of the marshals of France. Napoleon had allied himself in marriage with the House of Hapsburg; and he who began life as a sub-lieutenant of artillery, was admitted among the proudest of the old dynasties, as the husband of the grand-daughter of Maria Thérèse.

When he set out for Dresden, on his way to Russia, in May, 1812, his Empress Maria Louisa accompanied him. The progress of the imperial pair was a continual triumph. He had fixed on Dresden as the general rendezvous for the kings and princes who were either allies or unwilling subjects to him. There he was the most admired and conspicuous of a group which included the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Kings of Saxony, Naples, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Westphalia, and a crowd of minor princes. Such was the giddy elevation reached at that time by Napoleon. The expedition to Russia shook the colossus, and ultimately led to its fall.

As our present business is with the retreat from Moscow, it is not our intention to enter into any discussion on the objects of the Russian war. The bitter, the almost insane hatred subsisting between England and Napoleon, was doubtless at the root of the matter, whatever plausibilities of self-justification might be put forward on either side. The judgment of General Napier, the historian of the Peninsular war, on the motives of Napoleon, and on the military genius displayed by him, expresses the opinion of a true Englishman, but a candid adversary:—"A conqueror's march to Moscow, amid such dangers, was a design more vast, more hardy, more astounding, than ever before entered into the imagination of man; yet it was achieved, and solely by the force of his genius. Napoleon was undoubtedly anxious to avoid the war with Russia, while the Spanish contest continued; yet, with a far-reaching European policy, in which his English adversaries were deficient, he desired to check the growing strength of that power which menaces the civilized world. The military grandeur and the military merits of that expedition, will not be hereafter judged from the declamation which has hitherto passed as the history of the wondrous enterprise of a general who carried four hundred thousand men across the Niemen, and a hundred and sixty thousand men to Moscow; and with such a military providence, with such a vigilance, so disposing his reserves, so guarding his flanks, so guiding his masses, that while constantly victorious in front, no post was lost in his rear, no convoy failed, no courier was stopped, not even a letter was missing. The communication with his capital was as regular and certain as if that immense march had been a summer excursion of pleasure. However, it failed, and its failure was the safety of the Peninsula." Why it failed will appear from the subsequent portion of our narrative.

The army destined for the invasion of Russia was the most formidable engine of its kind that had ever before been worked by the power of man. The number of the troops was 420,000, furnished with all the appliances of modern warfare. The cavalry numbered 80,000; there were bridge equipments, a siege train, several thousand provision wagons, innumerable herds of oxen; and the horses employed in the artillery, the cavalry, and the conveyance of baggage, amounted to 187,000. Of this enormous force, there crossed the Niemen on the 24th of June, 1812, according to General Gourgaud, 325,900 men, of whom 155,400

* The author of "The Franklins" is indebted to an interesting work ("Reminiscences of a Naval Officer—Captain A. Crawford") for many particulars in the above chapter; especially the description of the burning of "The Ajax," of which he has freely availed himself.

were French troops, and 175,500 those of the Allies. The Russians, conscious of their inability to resist such an army, adopted desperate measures of defence. The Emperor Alexander gave directions that his army, 300,000 strong, should retire before the invaders; that they should blow up behind them every bridge, destroy the cities and villages, remove all the necessaries of life, and leave behind them to their famishing foes nothing but a desert waste.

At Witopsk, 1800 miles from his capital, Napoleon attacked the Russian army, which had halted near the town, and was protected by formidable entrenchments. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued, as the French drove their adversaries from post to post, and approached the city. Night, dark and gloomy, separated the combatants; and the Russians took the opportunity of retiring silently and skilfully. They assembled again at Smolensk, a strong walled city, 100 miles farther into the interior. In the night of the 17th of August, after a day of hard fighting, the Russians evacuated that city also, after setting it on fire, leaving their dead and wounded in the midst of the burning ruins. They were soon overtaken, and attacked with fearful slaughter; but in the midst of uninterrupted victories, Napoleon was experiencing all the calamities of defeat. Provisions were with great difficulty obtained, and his troops were rapidly dwindling away from exhaustion and famine. He was resolved to press on to Moscow, where he expected to find food and rest. It was a weary march of 500 miles from Smolensk to Moscow. The Emperor Alexander had gone to that ancient capital of his dominions, and made arrangements for the conflagration of the city, in case the French should take it. They pressed on, day after day and night after night, till on the 4th of September they found 120,000 Russians strongly entrenched on the rocky banks of the Moskwa. The Russian General Kutusoff had here accumulated all his forces in the most advantageous positions, resolved to make a desperate stand in defence of the capital. Napoleon having examined their position, decided on his point of attack, gave the necessary orders to his generals, and, retiring to his tent, dictated the following address to his troops, selecting for mention those fields of battle which at various periods had been most disastrous to the Russian arms:—"Soldiers! The battle is it hand which you have so long desired. Henceforth the victory depends upon yourselves. It has become necessary, and will give you abundance. Conduct yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, Friedland, Witopsk, and Smolensk. Let the remotest posterity recount your actions on this day. Let your countrymen say of you, 'He was in the great battle under the walls of Moscow!'" The battle was a terrible one; but we refer for the details to the histories of it, which are numerous. The Russians were beaten, but the French had little to rejoice at. Forty-three generals had been either killed or wounded. Thirty thousand soldiers had been struck down by the sabre or the shot of the enemy; the loss of the Russians was still more dreadful. Fifty thousand of them were killed or wounded; they continued slowly to retreat towards Moscow, establishing batteries wherever they could make a stand even for a few hours. The French, weary and emaciated, pursued them with tottering steps over the dreary plains. At last, on the 14th of September, shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" spread from rank to rank; and they quickened their pace to approach the city. To their amazement, they met nothing but silence and solitude, and soon received the astounding intelligence that the city was deserted. The governor, Rostopekin,

had made every preparation for the burning of the city; and all that the French met of human beings, were a few miserable creatures who had been let loose from the prisons for the purpose of setting fire to the houses as soon as the French should have taken possession. Napoleon did not at first enter into the city, but took up his residence at a house in the suburbs. Rumours of the intended conflagration reached his ears. He was now more than 2500 miles from Paris, and the apprehension of some dreadful calamity oppressed his mind. In the morning he removed his head-quarters to the Kremlin, the imperial seat of the ancient monarchy of Russia. Immense magazines of powder had been placed beneath the Kremlin and other large buildings which would be occupied by the soldiers. At midnight, on the 16th of September, 1812, the cry of fire suddenly resounded through the streets. A strong equinoctial gale howled over the metropolis, and swept the flames in all directions. The Kremlin took fire, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Napoleon and his staff got out of the burning and exploding ruins. He retired to the castle of Potrowski, about three miles from Moscow; and he described the scene to his English surgeon, O'Meara, at St. Helena, in these terms: "You may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you that you could scarcely bear your hands on the walls, or the windows, on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky of clouds and flame; mountains of red rolling flames like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight that the world ever beheld."

The French army was now encamped in the open fields around the smouldering city, and in a state of utter consternation. Winter was approaching; and the comfortable quarters, and abundance which they hoped to have found in Moscow, had been devoured by the flames. Napoleon sent to Kutusoff's head-quarters Count Lauriston, with proposals of peace, but he was refused a passport, and no answer was ever returned. The communications with France, and with the garrisons in the rear, were now becoming exceedingly precarious. Under these embarrassing circumstances, a council of war was called. After a long and painful conference, it was decided to abandon Moscow, and return to winter in Poland. The French army remained four weeks in Moscow, which Napoleon had entered with 120,000 men.

Sed qualis rediit? asks the poet, concerning another leader of ancient times who had invaded Greece. In what plight did Napoleon return? Nothing can be more appalling than the answer to this question.

During the month in which Napoleon was at Moscow, many of the sick and wounded had been healed, and by his efficient discipline perfect order had been re-established, and the soldiers, having full confidence in their chief, were in tolerably good spirits. On the 18th of October, more than 100,000 men left Moscow, 50,000 horses, 555 pieces of cannon, and an immense baggage train. In the rear there was a confused crowd of about 40,000 stragglers. Mortier was left with 8000 men to protect the rear, to defend the Kremlin, and to blow it up when he left it with his gallant comrades. He lighted a fuse whose slow combustion could be calculated upon, and with hurried step hasted from the scene. The explosion was heard many miles off, by Napoleon and the army, and Mortier and his men rejoined the main body. The Russians and Cossacks now began to assail

the retreating bands. They occupied positions in defiles through which it would be quite impossible for the French to force their way, or to advance by Kalouga, as they had intended; they were therefore forced to abandon that purpose, and to go by the war-wasted route by which they had marched to Moscow. The pursuing foe gathered strength and confidence, and the weather was becoming very inclement. On the evening of the 5th of November, dense clouds commenced forming in the sky; the wind rose, and howled through the forests, and swept freezing blasts over the exhausted host. At midnight a furious snow-storm set in, extinguishing the fires of the bivouacs, and covering the unsheltered troops with cheerless drifts. A dreadful morning dawned. No sun could be discovered through the dense atmosphere, swept by the tempest. The troops, blinded and bewildered by the whirlwinds of sleet, staggered along, not knowing whither they were going. The wind drove the snow into the soldiers' faces, and penetrated their thin and tattered clothing; their breath froze, and hung in icicles from their beards; their limbs were chilled and stiffened. The men could no longer keep their ranks, but toiled on in disordered masses. Many, stumbling over stones, or falling into concealed cavities by the wayside, were unable to rise again, and were soon covered with a winding-sheet of snow.

"File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard sheet, and hush the drum;
Horseman and horse-confessed the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors-fell with hollow clang.
Yet ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying hero southward turned his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh."

To add to the horrors of the retreat, clouds of Cossacks hovered around the freezing host, making frequent attacks. They stripped the wounded and the dying, cut them with their sabres, and derided them as they reeled and staggered in convulsive agonies. Night came on—a dreadful night: there was no shelter, no dry wood to kindle a fire. The storm still raged with pitiless fury. To the long night of sixteen hours, a bleak winter's morning dawned, and disclosed horrors which appalled the stoutest hearts. Circular ranges of the soldiers, stiff in death, and covered with snow, marked the site of the bivouacs.

In the "Narrative of the Russian Campaign," by General Sir Robert Wilson, the British Commissioner attached to the Russian army, will be found terrible details by an eye-witness of this portion of the retreat. From the time when the snow and frost commenced, a state of feeling prevailed that denaturalized humanity—a general recklessness pervaded all—a callousness to every consideration but selfish momentary relief, with one honourable exception in favour of the French, who, when captive, could not be induced by any temptation, by any threats, by any privations, to cast reproach on their Emperor as the cause of their misfortunes and suffering. It was "the chance of war," "unavoidable difficulties," and "destiny," but "not the fault of Napoleon." The famished, dying of hunger, refused food rather than utter an injurious word against their chief to indulge and humour vindictive inquirers. With this excepted trait, rage appeared to madden all. Everything that could be fired was set in flames, and the same ruthless violence was directed against helpless comrades as against foes. The maniacs tore away the clothing of their own companions when they were to be abandoned. If any food was found, they turned their arms against each other. They repulsed with force every one who

endeavoured to share their bivouac fire when one could be lighted, and they mercilessly killed every prisoner. Nor was the Russian peasant, victim of the enemy's fury in his advance as well as retreat, less ferociously savage. A demoniacal frenzy infuriated Russians and French alike.

On coming to the first enemy's bivouac on the morning of the 5th, some Cossacks accompanying the English General, seeing a gun and several tumbrils at the bottom of a ravine, with the horses lying on the ground, dismounted, and, taking up the feet of several, hallooed, ran, and kissed the English General's knees and horse, danced, and made fantastic gestures like crazy men. When the delirium had somewhat subsided, they pointed to the horses' shoes and said—"God has made Napoleon forget that there was a winter in our country. In spite of Kutusow (who was suspected to favour the retreat) the enemy's bones shall remain in Russia." It was soon ascertained that all horses of the enemy's army were in the same improperly-shod state, except those of the Polish corps, and the Emperor's own, which the Duke de Vicenza, with due foresight, had kept always rough-shod, as is the usage of the Russians. From that time the road was strewn with guns, tumbrils, equipages, men and horses; for no foraging parties could quit the high-road in search of provisions, and consequently the debility hourly increased. Thousands of horses soon lay groaning on the route, with great pieces of flesh cut off their necks and most fleshy parts by the passing soldiery, for food; whilst thousands of naked wretches were wandering like spectres, who seemed to have no sight or sense, and who only kept reeling on till frost, famine, or the Cossack lance put an end to their power of motion."

A succession of scenes like these, and frequent attacks from their exasperated enemies, completed the destruction of that army which had so proudly entered Russia a few months before.* No better summary can be given than that furnished by Napoleon himself, in the famous 29th Bulletin, in which, with a candour unusual in such documents, he acknowledged to Europe the unparalleled magnitude of his disasters.

* In the volume of "Miscellanies" published lately by Earl Stanhope, we find the judgment of the Duke of Wellington concerning the politics and tactics of the Russian campaign. "The Russians nearly lost themselves by an ill-applied imitation of our operations which saved Portugal; and they would have been lost, if Napoleon had not always, and particularly at that time, found himself under the necessity of seeking to fight a general battle. With this view he quitted the basis of his operations, up to that moment successful, adopted a new line, which, after all, he never completely established, and ultimately abandoned. That which the Russians did well was their dogged refusal to treat. Napoleon having fought his battle, and obtained possession of the ancient and real capital of the country, intended to record his triumph as usual in a Treaty of Peace, by one of the articles of which he would have obtained a sum of money to replenish his coffers, according to his usual practice; and he would then have made a peaceable and triumphant retreat from Russia across Poland and Germany, supported by the resources of the Russian Government as long as his armies should have remained in the Russian territory. In the meantime he had made no preparations for the military retreat which he would have to make, if his diplomatic efforts should fail, which they did. We see that he was distressed for want of communications even before he thought of retreat; his hospitals were not supplied, nor even taken care of, and were at last carried off; and when he commenced to make a real movement of retreat, he was involved in difficulties without number. The first basis of his operations was lost; the new one not established; and he was not strong enough to force his way to the only one which could have been practicable, and by the use of which he might have saved his army, by the sacrifice, however, of all those corps which were in the northern lines of operations: I mean the line from Kalouga through the southern countries. But, instead of that, he was forced to take his retreat by the line of the river Beresina, which was exhausted, and upon which he had made no preparations whatever. This is in few words the history of that disaster. It is my opinion that the loss of the French army would have been accelerated, more disastrous and disgraceful, if the season had been wet instead of having been frosty. In truth, the army could not in that case have moved at all in the state to which all its animals were reduced at that time."

"The cold suddenly increased after the 7th. On the 14th, 15th, and 16th, the thermometer was sixteen and eighteen degrees below the freezing point, and the roads were covered with ice. The cavalry, artillery, and baggage-horses died every night, not by hundreds but by thousands, especially those of Germany and France. The cavalry were all on foot: the artillery and baggage were without means of conveyance. The army, which was so fine on the 6th, was very different on the 14th—almost without artillery, cavalry, and transports. Without cavalry, we had no means of reconnoitring a quarter of a league, while, without artillery, we could not firmly await or risk a battle. It was requisite, therefore, to march, in order not to be forced into an engagement, which the want of ammunition prevented our desiring. It was necessary for us to occupy a certain space of ground, and that without cavalry to lead or to connect our columns. This difficulty, added to the immense frost, rendered our situation miserable. Those whom nature had not sufficiently steeled to be superior to fate or fortune, lost their gaiety and good humour, and dreamed only of misfortunes and catastrophes. Those whose constitutions enabled them to brave vicissitudes, preserved their ordinary manners, and saw new glories in the difficulties to be surmounted. The enemy, finding upon the road traces of the disasters which had befallen the French army, endeavoured to take advantage of them. They surrounded all the columns with Cossacks, who carried off, like the Arabs of the desert, the trains and carriages, which for a moment diverged from, or loitered on the march. This contemptible cavalry, which can only make a noise, and is incapable of penetrating through a company of voltigeurs, was rendered formidable by circumstances. Nevertheless, the enemy had to repent all the serious attempts which he made." Such was the ever memorable "29th Bulletin of the Grand Army."

The enfeebled army soon crossed the Dnieper and entered the town of Orcha. For the first time since leaving Moscow, the soldiers enjoyed shelter, comfort, and abundant refreshments. Napoleon entered Orcha with 6000 Guards, the remains of 35,000; Eugene with 1800 soldiers, the remains of 42,000; and Davoust with 4000, the remains of 70,000. The total force that commenced the retreat from Moscow was about 140,000.

Dr. Croly has described in thrilling verse some of the horrors of the retreat, but there were other scenes too revolting for either pen or pencil to express. Our artist has prudently presented a scene in the early part of the retreat.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pemp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now? A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now dark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;

In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear,

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.
Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempest, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm, but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all bestilled. But Thou! thy battle-plain
Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain),
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

As a classical scholar, as an orator, as a statesman, Mr. Gladstone holds a very high position in the eyes of his country. His intellectual powers are not only marked by the broader and loftier characteristics of grandeur and originality, but by the minuter shades of acuteness and variety. He is shallow in nothing. In his mind there is no narrowness of grasp, no littleness of thought, whilst it appears to be imbued with the most reverential sentiments of religion.

The son of a wealthy Scottish merchant, formerly of Leith, and afterwards of Liverpool, William Ewart Gladstone was educated first at Eton and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1853 he was returned to the House of Commons as Member for Newark. His great business capacity, coupled with his oratorical ability, soon discovered themselves, and in 1834, when in his twenty-fifth year, he was by the late Sir Robert Peel appointed to



W. H. P.

a seat in the Treasury. Here his eminent qualities further distinguished him, and in the following year he became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In the same year, however, he, with his great leader, retired from office, and till 1841 he continued, with Sir Robert Peel, in opposition, when he became a Privy-Councillor and Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Meanwhile, he had further distinguished himself by the production of several works upon political subjects. Of these, perhaps the best known is the one entitled "The State and its Relations with the Church," first published in 1838, and subsequently in an enlarged form, in 1841.

Whilst filling the office of Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Gladstone greatly extended his reputation both as a financier and as a rhetorician. The "trade material" with which he had to deal, or in other words, the commercial policy which it was his duty to explain and defend, called into operation the most practical qualities of his intellect, and exhibited the masterly manner in which he could handle the most difficult and abstruse complications of commercial relationships. He increased the admiration of his party for him, and in 1843 became President of the Board of Trade. This office he held till 1845.

Abilities such as Mr. Gladstone possesses are not suffered to remain long in abeyance in a country like this, where there is every opportunity for talent to distinguish itself. Accordingly, in the following year he was made Secretary of State for the Colonies. In this capacity he adhered to the measure of Sir Robert Peel, which proposed a modification of the corn-laws. He might now be considered as gradually modifying his opinions in reference to that inflexible Conservatism which to a large extent had formerly marked the policy of his party. In 1847 he was elected to the representation of the University of Oxford, but found himself so frequently at variance with his friends on the bill for repealing the last of the Jewish disabilities, that in 1852 he seceded from the Conservative party, and, under the administration of the Earl of Derby, refused to take office. In the same year he was again returned for the University of Oxford, and was the most effective instrument in contributing to the subversion of the short-lived Derby administration, by the masterly manner in which he analyzed and criticized in detail the budget introduced by Mr. Disraeli. During the preceding year he published his "Letter to Lord Aberdeen," in which he painted in vivid colours a picture of the political persecutions to which the Neapolitans were subjected by their government. The effect of this letter was such as to fix the attention of Europe on the objects that had called it forth.

On the accession of the Aberdeen ministry, Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and under the Palmerston administration, which immediately succeeded that of Lord Aberdeen, he was appointed to the same post. In a few days, however, after his appointment he resigned, in consequence of the determination of Mr. Roebuck to persevere in his resolution of instituting an inquiry into the state of the British army before Sebastopol. He was now, for some time, out of office; but his productions prove that his privacy had been passed neither in idleness nor rest. In 1858 he attended an important meeting at Liverpool, for the purpose of presenting the prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Oxford Examinations. As he had for some years been the representative of Oxford University, it is interesting to hear him delivering his unreserved sentiments in reference to both the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and declaring that

whatever these learned institutions had done in former days, they were not now doing their duty to our great marts of commerce.

"I see," says he, "in the examinations, the resumption by the ancient Universities of the country of their true relation to all classes of the community, as institutions which have been the pride and glory of Christendom, and which ought to dispense their benefits to all ranks of our fellow-citizens. This was the true aim of the Universities, upon their first foundation. They never were intended to be the monopoly of the rich. They were intended to work the deep mines of capacity and character which exist throughout every great civilized community. They were intended to draw forth from hidden corners and recesses, wherever they existed, the materials of genius and excellency, for the glory of God and the advantage of the country. And that aim they fulfilled. Go back to the periods when the great movements of the human mind commenced, and see where it was that those processes were elaborated, and whence it was that four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred years ago, light flowed in England. It was from the Universities; and as one great poet, Milton, has called Athens the eye of Greece, so well and truly may it be said, in reference to their early history, that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were the eyes of England. I do not say that at present that function is fully discharged. On the contrary, we see that for several centuries those Universities have performed duties most important indeed, and most useful, but comparatively limited. In the main, their utility has been confined to the rich. They have educated the clergy, and in so doing have performed a great service to the country; they have educated the greater number—almost the whole, indeed—of the sons of our high nobility; they have educated the principal part of the sages of the law; but that is not the whole of their duty. We have in England vast classes of men who are not comprised in the category to which I have referred—vast classes of whom the great assembly now before me is a specimen—and I must confess that I have never come into South Lancashire, whether into the town of Liverpool, or into the great and intelligent community of Manchester, without feeling deeply what a blank there was—what a void existed requiring to be filled up—and how the connection between the Universities and this great community of South Lancashire had so dwindled away, that it would make but little difference in the Universities, if South Lancashire were swallowed up, or in South Lancashire if Oxford and Cambridge were in ruins. This is, I hope, a frank—it is certainly a sincere—confession, describing what, in my view, is a great social evil. At any rate, it shows that we have fallen far short of that which our forefathers designed."

In the same year Mr. Gladstone went on a mission to the Ionian Isles, as Lord High Commissioner Extraordinary, with the professed object of settling the then differences existing between their inhabitants and the British Government in its capacity of Protector. On his return appeared his "Homeric Studies."

In this grand work Mr. Gladstone affirms the strictly historical character of the Homeric Poems. The siege of Troy is to be considered as a historical fact, and Achilles, Agamemnon, Priam, and Hector, are all historical personages, as really as Napoleon I and the great Duke of Wellington. It is invigorating to take a draught of the eloquence—with all its breadth and grandeur—of Mr. Gladstone on this classical theme. Homer—the blind old bard—himself takes, in his eyes, at once the real character of a historian. He is a

veritable chronicler of facts, incidents, events, manners, customs, and personages, that all had an existence, as tangible and true as the earth upon which they had their being, or as the sun beneath which they were all included in the performances of time.

"He alone," he says, "of all the now famous writers, moves—in the 'Iliad' especially—subject to the stricter laws of time and place. He alone, while producing an unsurpassed work of the imagination, is also the greatest chronicler that ever lived, and presents to us, from his own single hand, a representation of life, manners, history, of morals, theology, and politics, so vivid and comprehensive, that it may be hard to say whether any of the more refined ages of Greece and Rome, with their clouds of authors, and their multiplied forms of historical record, are either more faithfully or more completely conveyed to us. He alone presents to us a mind and an organization working with such precision, that, setting aside for the moment any question as to the genuineness of his text, we may reason in general from his minutest indications, with the confidence that they belong to some consistent and intelligible whole."

This is eloquence; but in the tenth section of the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's work, we have, on the Homeric Poems in relation to that of the early books of Holy Scripture, a still higher strain of thought, beauty, and power. The relationship between the two productions—the Scriptures and the Poems—is thus drawn:—

"Even if they are regarded in no other light than as literary treasures, the position, both of the oldest books among the Sacred Scriptures, and next to them, of the Homeric Poems, is so remarkable as not only to invite, but to command the attention of every inquirer into the early condition of mankind. Each of them opens to us a scene of which we have no other literary knowledge. Each of them is either wholly, or in a great degree, isolated, and cut from the domain of history, as it is commonly understood. Each of them was preserved with the most jealous care by the nation to which they severally belonged. By far the oldest of known compositions, and with conclusive proof upon the face of them, that their respective origins were perfectly distinct and independent, they notwithstanding seem to be in no point contradictory, while in many they are highly confirmatory of each other's genuineness and antiquity. Still, as historical representations, and in a purely human aspect, they are greatly different. The Holy Scriptures are like a thin stream, beginning from the very fountain-head of our race, and gradually, but continuously, finding their way through an extended solitude into times otherwise known, and into the general current of the fortunes of mankind. The Homeric Poems are like a broad lake, outstretched in the distance, which provides us with a mirror of one particular age and people, alike full and marvellous, but which is entirely dissociated by an interval of many generations from any other records, except such as are of the most partial and fragmentary kind. In respect of the influence which they have respectively exercised upon mankind, it might appear almost profane to compare them. In this point of view the Scriptures stand so far apart from every other production, on account of their great offices in relation to the coming of the Redeemer, and to the spiritual training of mankind, that there can be nothing either like or second to them."

Here there is no straining after rhetorical brilliancy, notwithstanding the similitude with which the passage is adorned; but there is power, reverence, admiration, and truth. We do not think, with some, that the pervading characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mind is brilliancy. It

has more of the dialectic than the poetic element, yet is still sufficiently appreciative of all the higher attributes of the Homeric art. There is one passage in the "Homeric Studies" that has been often quoted with admiration, in which Mr. Gladstone has paid a tribute to the Psalms of David, not merely on account of their majesty of style, but as the deepest and most varied utterances of spiritual experience.

"Most of all does the Book of Psalms refuse the challenge of philosophical or poetical competition. In that book, for well-nigh three thousand years, the piety of saints has found its most refined and choicest food; to such a degree, indeed, that the rank and quality of the religious frame may in general be tested, at least negatively, by the height of its relish for them. There is the whole music of the human heart, when touched by the hand of the Maker, in all its tones, that whisper or that swell for every hope or fear, for every joy or pang, for every form of strength or languor, of disquietude and rest. There are developed all the innermost relations of the human soul to God, built upon the platform of a covenant of love and sonship, that had its foundations in the Messiah, while in this particular and privileged book it was permitted to anticipate his coming. We can no more compare Isaiah and the Psalms with Homer, than we can compare David's heroism with Diomedes, or the prowess of the Israelites when they drove Philistia before them, with the valour of the Greeks at Marathon or Plataea, at Issus or Arbela. We shall most nearly do justice to each, by observing carefully the boundary line of their respective provinces."

We do not wish to dwell too long upon this work; but it is the literary production of Mr. Gladstone by which he is known most widely to the classical world, and that through which he has revealed to us much of the reverential feeling with which we have said he is evidently imbued, and which gives him, in our estimation, a much higher standing than many of his compeers, who may be equally prominent with him in politics. We cannot, therefore, resist the temptation of giving one more passage to show what he considers to be the effects of Christianity upon mankind.

"It seems impossible not to be struck, at this point, with the contrast between the times preceding the Advent and those which have followed it. Since the Advent, Christianity has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Its learning has been the learning of the world, its art the art of the world, its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty, have been almost, though not absolutely, all that, in these respects, the world has to boast of. That which is to come, I do not presume to portend; but of the past we may speak with confidence. He who hereafter, in even the remotest age, with the colourless impartiality of mere intelligence, may seek to know what durable results mankind has for the last fifteen hundred years achieved, what capital of the mind it has accumulated and transmitted, will find his investigations perforce concentrated upon, and almost confined to, that part, that minor part, of mankind which has been Christian."

In 1859, Mr. Gladstone was again appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the administration of Lord Palmerston. In the early part of the following year he brought in his budget, and from that period down to the present time he has held office under the Palmerston banner. From what we have here said and shown, it is evident that he has a loftier character of mind than

is generally possessed by the mere politician; that his tastes are both exalted and refined, and that he is a man worthy to assist in ruling the destinies of a great people. As an orator, he is inferior to none in England, and as a master of debate, he is unrivalled. In all the resources of the art of the rhetorician, he is an adept; but, however large may be his portion of these intellectual gifts, they bring less weight to his character than do those moral sentiments which touch chords of sympathy in the hearts of thousands, who are grateful for the humanizing influences shed around them, in the spirit of a benign Christianity, and in a land of religious freedom.

LIFE IN MARYLAND.

I.—THE EASTERN SHORE.

Snow on Lady Day! And a regular winter fall too. Sufficiently provoking to those who have been tantalized with such a week at the end of February, as an Englishman often vainly sighs for in the heart of June. They had burst suddenly in, those hot, golden days, putting out the stove-fires, and leaving the great logs unconsumed in the wide chimneys, and throwing open the doors and windows, and flushing the woods and gardens into green, and setting the blue-birds and the robins singing, and the children, black and white, racing and tumbling in-doors and out, half wild with joy and spring.

But Marylanders are accustomed to these freaks of nature—those Marylanders especially, who dwell on the hither side of the Chesapeake, and who, by their peninsular situation, have acquired a sort of nationality in a small way, which is quite *sui generis* in the once-United States of America. The little republic, wedged in between her mighty sister Virginia on the one hand, and tiny Delaware on the other, presents barely half a degree to the sea-board, though cleft nearly in two by the great arm of the Atlantic which forms a portion of her area of ten thousand miles or so. The little strip of the eastern shore is indeed but an atom in the vast world of the West; and those who find their way thither, with preconceived notions of America, drawn only from specimens of Yankeeland, may well stand mute with wonder, and ask on what new planet they have fallen. For here, if anywhere beneath the moon, the world has come to a stand-still. Here no peremptory railway has intruded, no telegraph pointed with magic finger. Here no train of cars has ever rushed screaming through the quiet levels; no message of life and death sung swiftly through the branches of the oaks and cedars. Here is no commerce to attract the merchant; no manufacture to interest the stranger; for the rich mines of copper and coal are away in the hill-regions of the north and west, and neither smoke nor forge invade these primeval stillnesses. The narrow, sandy roads and lanes, cut through the woods and across the country, are crossed by "creeks" and ponds, which the heavy summer rains will fill in a night, rendering them impassable to foot passengers, and flanked by bogs and swamps, dear to bull-frogs and tink-a-taunks, who fill the air with their croakings and shrill, clear cries. For miles, no trace of human habitation is to be seen, but the white frame cabin of the negro, set down in an open patch of clearing, with its plot of corn, its peach trees, and its quantum of ragged live stock, in the shape of chickens, hogs, or children; and the homes of the planters are few and far between. Nature is lovely on the eastern shore; Art is not yet born.

This little nook of land has managed, moreover, to retain a peculiar feeling of affection for anything connected with the "old country," and thus to form a strik-

ing exception at another point to that mighty, seething mass of conflicting elements, (self-named New England,) whose united watchword has hitherto at least been, "Go ahead." One might be tempted to fancy that its position on the sea-board, with nothing between it and ourselves but the great sea waves and the memories of two hundred years, had something to do with this affectionate partiality, were not such a hypothesis rendered untenable by the idiosyncracies of one or two other Atlantic States. Certain it is, however, that fond cavalier memories are twined in the hearts of these children of the royalists, and embalmed not in the name of their state only, for relics of the royal martyr himself are preserved among them with more than Romish devotion; and many a maid and matron claims for her own, and signs with true aristocratic fervour, the name of his beautiful French Queen. Prince Charles and Prince Henry, in the shape of capes, still guard the entrance to the Chesapeake; Queen Anne gives her name to the state capital as well as to one of the eastern shore counties; while, to judge from much of the surrounding nomenclature, you would imagine that princes and princesses in full court-costume were to start from the soil at every step. Mingling with the suggestive names of Chester, Cambridge, and even Snow Hill, and the more commonplace or conceited appellations of modern America, there are relics of the poetical Indians in the Nautierke, Choptauk, and Pocomoke—all eastern-shore rivers—and ancient Accomae, the centre of that point of Virginia which hangs like an earring from the extremity of Maryland.

Nor is this the only remnant of feudal attachment among this republican aristocracy. Many of the F. F. M. (a characteristic abbreviation for First Families of Maryland) still hold the land, and with it the charters originally granted to their ancestral settlers, under Lord Baltimore and his brother, by Charles I; they rejoice in pedigrees, hang up their genealogical trees beside the declaration of independence, and the portrait of the Flying Dutchman in the entrance hall, and glory in their descent from forefathers who were asleep under the yew trees in English Kent, when the Black Prince was winning his spurs. But the height of all rapture is to exhibit these trophies to a born Briton. The lady of the house approaches you. She escorts you with all majesty round the interior of her dwelling. She tells you, pointing to the walls of the mansion, that "these bricks were made in England." Then, with antagonistic patriotism, she directs your eye to the effigy of the national eagle, fluttering among his stripes and stars above the spotless window drapery. But this is merely by the way. She leads you to an *escritoire* of ancient and reverend aspect. She shows you her family crest. She questions you with painful minuteness on the subject of armorial bearings. She confides to you that she has a passion for heraldry. She expects you to know as much about gules and sables, cinquefoils and strawberry-leaves, fesse, pale, and bend, as if you were garter-king-at-arms himself. She is slightly disappointed by your limited information, and conceals her chagrin by showing you an English dog-whip, an English hunting-horn, a brace of English pistols, and an English bullet. She tells you that the bullet broke her grandfather's leg in the war of 1812, when there was a battle in Kent County, in which the Americans whipped the British smartly; and that the pistols were presented to him by an English officer, who was nursed after the battle by her grandmother. But the crowning mercy is yet to come. She informs you that this grandmother was the lineal descendant of Henrietta Maria's own tire-woman. She brings out from her most sacred depository an old ring of stately workmanship.

She places it in your hands. It opens, and you discover the kingly features of the hapless Charles, looking sadly at you over a skull and cross-bones, bearing the date

JANUARY 30, 1649.

You gaze in silent admiration. The descendant returns to her treasury, and eagerly produces a George, or some similar ornament, once set in brilliants, of which one here and there is still left to tell the tale. This jewel was taken from the monarch's neck, and given with his own hands to a faithful servant who attended him to the scaffold; the other was worn by the royal widow until the day of her death, and then bequeathed to the tire-woman aforesaid, who, having married the faithful servant, sailed with him beyond the seas, to join the settlement of loyal cavaliers who had gone to bury the troubles of the Great Rebellion among the colonists planted by Leonard Calvert at St. Mary's, some twenty years before.

With all this attachment to ancestral possessions, there is a quietness, an apathy, a general want of ambition among the Eastern-shore Marylanders, which is exceedingly anti-American; all which, intensified by a long series of intermarriages, has resulted in the curious fact, that in some of the counties the upper stratum of society presents the unexpected aspect of one great clan. Banded together by family ties and family interests, they cultivate their rich farms, and drag their rivers for fish, and hunt and shoot, and use hospitality without grudging, looking out with a kind of mesmerized intelligence upon all the stir and turmoil that lies beyond the rubicon of the Chesapeake. Once or twice a day, indeed, when the little snorting river-steamer puffs up to the landings, a knot of motley traders and politicians will gather from the four winds on the little wooden quays; and a passing interest is excited in all mansions within earshot of the self-important grunting scream with which it asserts itself from afar, and the all-engrossing question is raised as to whether it is "The Bow" or "The Arrow" that is coming up the river; a fact which the sight of the fuming smoke-stack reveals to the initiated eye at a glance, and the mystery is set at rest for the next twenty-four hours.

With a more thoughtful eye, the planter watches the white sails of the grain-boats, making a lazy progress with their burdens of wheat and maize, on the wide, blue river, for the Baltimore market; while his boys feast in anticipation over the tailor-fish, rock, perch, crabs, and terrapins which their minds' eye beholds drifting into the "seines" of the fishermen, as they paddle in their own canoe in the cove, leaving the less-soaring fancy of the negroes to gloat over possible cat-fish and yellow-neds. There, too, dredge the oyster-boats all the year round; for, after supplying nicer customers from September to April, they find a ready, though illicit market, in the four r-less months, at the wharves of the Patapsco and the Severn.

But we have forgotten our March snow-storm; and the negroes have actually succeeded in clearing away the drift from the porches before dinner time. Pinch, the cat, has taken undisturbed possession of the fire-side rocking-chair, and the clock over the high chimney-piece is ticking her to sleep; for the house is unusually quiet, all the children who are responsible for their own legs being, it is needless to say, surreptitiously engaged in the wettest and most defiling snow-games which their imagination can invent, aided and abetted therein by every sable myrmidon under twenty about the premises, and the baby being for the moment in its cradle asleep. Their appetites having been staid, (or in their own racy vernacular, *stalled*,) since the seven o'clock breakfast,

with large slices of pone, *i. e.* corn-bread baked that morning, and selections from the fast-dwindling heap of winter apples, they are in no particular hurry to anticipate the dinner-hour; but its instinctive approach brings the mother down from the upper regions, where the enormous scissors hanging at her girdle, and the floss of cotton threads sifted over her dark calico dress, tell that she has been making the most of a snowy morning, by cutting out the summer raiment of her "people." She passes through the dining-room to take up the everlasting stocking that is always on hand, before proceeding to remind her kitchen-staff of the lapse of time and her own presence—two facts which, however patent, are forgotten by a crew of "darkies" the moment they cease to act upon the external senses. Like Solomon's good wife, the Eastern-shore lady, who is her own house-keeper, "eateth not the bread of idleness." In fact, that word of reproach (which, be it remarked, is never heard in the South) would oftentimes be far less applicable to the mistress of a slave establishment than to her servants. The patience, gentleness, and indefatigable perseverance of some of these excellent ladies, is beyond all description and all praise. But to trench upon this subject would require another paper; and as the planter is stamping the snow off his feet in the porch, with a dim perception under his waistcoat that dinner ought to be ready, and old Aunt Phillis has been awakened by the baby to the conclusion that "dat dar childer" have probably taken an impromptu bath in their clothes, we will leave them to get into their dry raiment before they sit down to their bean-soup, fried chicken, and dried peach pies.

OUR SISTERS IN CHINA.

II. CHILDHOOD.

WHEN a daughter is born into the family, the event is regarded rather as a misfortune than otherwise. Etiquette obliges the father to look as if he had not heard the announcement, and quietly to finish his pipe, that the entrance of the little stranger may not possibly be supposed to interest him. Friends, like those of Job, keep silence, or if one more intimate venture a remark, it is one of condolence rather than congratulation. It is almost a mortal offence to a Chinaman to speak of the female members of his family, or to ask the number of his daughters. The writer once fell into disgrace in this respect, by asking a native teacher how many daughters he had. Thinking he had not understood me, I repeated the question; but still no reply was given. The celestial looked as placid as a statue. It dawned on my mind that I had said something inexpressibly rude; and then I immediately began to explain, that in England, sons and daughters were esteemed alike. The teacher gave a shrug of disgust, cleared his throat and with an offended look commenced to read, no doubt thinking me the most impertinent individual he had ever seen.

The cradles in which they spend their infant hours are made of straw rope coiled up in the form of a barrel, only much wider at the bottom than at the top. This is firmly stitched: the inside is nicely padded, and a little seat fixed in it. The mouth of the barrel is just wide enough to accommodate the child; and here it sits for hours, either asleep or awake. Infants are rolled up with their arms down at their sides, in garments which in winter are so thickly wadded with cotton, that these atoms of humanity look like animated bundles, only that

their little heads, with their obliquely-set twinkling black eyes, and flat noses, proclaim their connection with the human race.

NAMES.

In China, household names are not handed down from generation to generation, as with us. Parents distinguish their children in a most singular way; the girls are generally numbered, one, two, three, four, etc. according to their age; and boys receive the name of some animal, such as a dog, a cat, a tiger, or, if they are more aspiring, they give them the name of birds, as an eagle, and such like. The boys get their names at a feast, which is made in honour of them when they are a month old, which feast is also the birthday of their tail; for on this occasion a knight of the razor is called in, and the little black head is entirely shaven, except a small spot on the crown, from which that appendage grows. The girls are in nowise honoured, and receive their name at no particular time. The first names which the children receive are called their milk names. They are retained till they go to school, when the teacher gives them a book name; but if they are not thus provided, their milk names continue. These book names are not taken from an understood category, as Mary, Jane, etc. etc. but are at the option of the school-mistress. They are fanciful but pretty. The girls who came to my school, were named by the native teacher—one, Bright Pearl; another, Little Phoenix; another, Glistening Snow; another, Red Jadestone, and so on.

INFANTICIDE.

A great deal has been said about infanticide in China—far more than facts justify. Infanticide of female children exists, but only to a limited extent—not in any degree so extensively as was formerly practised in India and in the South Sea Islands, nor so widely as has been too often represented. Want and shame are the incentives to this crime here, as elsewhere all over the world, and alas! even in our own cities. The method of drowning is often employed, but exposure in the streets also prevails—let us hope, from the more humane motive of the probability of their being picked up and saved. Outside the walls of almost every city there is a high circular tower, called a baby tower, with no inlet except two or three apertures like small windows, near the top. The Chinese describe these towers as benevolent institutions, where poor parents may put their children and thus save the expense of a funeral. They have defended it to me, by asserting that they had no right to spend money to cover up a shut mouth when there were living mouths to fill. We know that dead children are commonly disposed of there; and that in Pekin carts go round every morning at sunrise, to collect the bodies of the little ones who have died, and convey them to this infant charnel-house. And at certain seasons of the year, the contents of these towers are burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds. In smaller towns and villages, too, a large tree is often set apart for placing the dead infants. In journeying, not long after my arrival, I came upon a tree, from whose branches hung, like suspended nests, bundles of straw, bound with white calico; and well do I remember the sad feeling which fell like a chill upon my spirit, when I discovered that they contained the bodies of little ones. Of course the tower or the tree may be used for destroying living infants; but as far as I know, there is no reason to believe it. The Chinese emphatically deny it, and the fact that the tower is usually about a mile or more from the city, corroborates their assertion; for no mother could carry an infant so far immediately after birth.

The better classes in China discountenance infanticide. Native scholars have written small treatises and tracts against it, in which they denounce the crime in no measured terms. They quote the proverb, "The savage tiger does not eat its whelp; the cruel brute yet knows to love its offspring; but persons who murder their daughters are worse than wolves or tigers." They affirm that the imperial law will not excuse the drowning of daughters, and innocently intimate, "You mothers are men's daughters. You wives are also men's daughters: were there no daughters there could be no mothers," etc., etc. There are also foundling hospitals in every city, supported by voluntary contributions, and no one can visit them and see the drawer at the gate into which the infants are put, the bamboo rod for the mother by knocking to give the signal, the court, with its pleasant flowers, the dispensary, with the doctor sitting, the order and cleanliness which prevail, and the large oblong hall with its rows of barrel-cradles, and the little "paws" bob, bob, bobbing, like the corks on a fisherman's net, without giving thanks to God for having put merciful thoughts into the hearts of the people.

SMALL FEET—GOLDEN LILIES.

The first special attention paid to a girl by her mother is the cramping of her feet. This is considered the most important part of her duty to her female offspring. The custom commenced only about 950 A.D., and there are various myths, more or less probable, relating to the origin. Some say it gradually sprung up from the desire of small feet; others that it was imposed by some edict, to prevent gadding. The one commonly received among Chinese ladies, and the one narrated to me by themselves is this: The most beautiful and favourite wife of an emperor of one of their old dynasties had remarkably small feet. They just covered the flower of the golden lily, and when walking in her garden she was accustomed to step on them. Hence small feet are called "golden lilies" by Chinese ladies. From this time small feet became a prominent point of female beauty, and where nature had denied the delicacy, force was employed to produce it. The process is often misrepresented, and therefore it may be well to describe it. It begins when the child is two years old. At this period the four toes are bent under the foot, and then they bandage them tightly with strong strips of calico. As the toes accommodate themselves to their recumbent position, the ligature is drawn tighter, and still tighter, until in the course of three years they sink into the flesh, and the foot looks just as if they had been cut off. This is the first process, and here it ends in the case of many, and the foot, though disabled, is yet competent for much work. The second process is still more painful. The great toe is bent backwards, and the foot is now drawn towards the heel; gradually these two parts are forced together until they conjoin, the hollow of the foot entirely disappearing, leaving only the mark, as of a wound in the centre, and so the child walks on the ball of the great toe and the heel. The process is extremely painful; the foot swells and inflames, and many die during the second operation. The only comfort the child receives is the constantly reiterated assurance of the mother, that small feet are indispensable to respectable marriage; and the children come to desire them. Once when taking a walk in the suburbs of Shanghai, we came upon a little girl sitting on the step of a shop and crying bitterly. On asking the reason, she said, "Oh, my feet! my feet!" I offered to untie the bandages, or to loosen them; she exclaimed, "No, no! I would not be fit to be seen." By and by the foot becomes quite cool; circulation goes on

unimpeded, and little detriment to health ensues, as is proved by our medical men; the foot loses all the shape of a human foot, and becomes like a club foot. Of course they are unable to walk any distance, or ascend a step, without help from their servants. Their walk is a swinging gait.

They are enjoined to imitate the waving of the willow-branch; and it is wonderful how elegant their movements are. In our drawing-room, I have been amazed to see how beautifully they moved hither and thither; and yet we cannot wonder, as elegance is their life-long study. In wealthy families, all the daughters have their feet cramped: among the middle-class, all pass through the first process, but only the eldest steps on the golden lilies; whilst among the poor, the feet are allowed to grow naturally, in order to fit them for work. But so powerful is the force of custom, that at marriage, small pieces of cork are fastened on the natural feet, that even they may have, at least, the appearance of being fashionable.

It is often asked, Is there no probability of this pernicious and absurd custom being given up? Can we not dissuade them from it? We dare hardly allude to it. Tight waists are at once referred to, and a merry ring of laughter peals through the room. They say it is far worse to compress the stomach, heart, and lungs—the vital organs of our frame—than the feet, and to this there is no reply. They are well acquainted with the deformity of our country-women. Many shops are adorned with pictures of foreign ladies like human wasps in crinoline, drawn in cruel caricature by a Chinese Cruickshank or Leech.

LEIPSIK FAIR.

I.—LEIPSIK IN A MESS.

TWICE a year does friendly old Leipsic—"the little city with a great name"—put herself into a tremendous mess, and once into a lesser one. And, what may seem strange in such order-loving people, she prides herself immensely on these messes; and many a tough bout of fisticuffs, many a stout burgher, has it cost her to establish her sole right to make these messes.

Lest, however, I should be charged with calumny, I had better at once explain that the messes to which I allude are the far-famed Leipsic Fairs. In German the Fair is called "Messe," the word being derived from "Missa," or "Mass;" for, as in England, fairs are almost always associated with a church-wake, or some other ecclesiastical festival.

The fairs had already been held for many years, when, in 1497, the Emperor Maximilian I. granted Leipsic a charter to hold them at the New Year, Easter, and Michaelmas; and in 1514 Pope Leo X. published a bull, threatening excommunication to all who infringed Leipsic's privileges. Little did the Pope think that three years later, in this same Saxony, Luther's hammer would sound the knell of Rome's supremacy.

As civilization and progress spread, so also did the importance of the fairs increase. But this prosperity was not uninterrupted. Too often have the plains of Leipsic been saturated with human blood. I need but mention two great historical battles. In 1632, Gustav Adolf, by his death, won the day for the cause of religious freedom. In 1813, just at the time of the Michaelmas fair, the "Battle of the Peoples" annihilated Napoleon's power, and enabled Europe to shake off the yoke under which she had so long groaned.

In the course of years, various privileges have been

granted to Leipsic, with the view of encouraging the fairs. Among these are three especial "mess privileges."

—1. Any person, citizen or not, can offer his wares for sale. 2. Freedom from arrest. During the actual "messewoche," or second week of the fair, no one can be arrested for debt, nor can an embargo be laid upon a debtor's passport. Many a poor wretch makes his re-appearance, and enjoys his little span of freedom; but ingenious are the attempts to entangle him in some row, or to hinder his departure till the messe has been rung out: if he stay a moment after the magic time he is done for. 3. This is a privilege that may affect strangers most disagreeably, especially such as are imperfectly acquainted with the language. The experience of one of my young friends will best illustrate its nature. My friend had come to Leipsic to study music; he managed to hire a room, but as he knew very little of German, and nothing of Leipsic customs, he never thought of bargaining that his room should be "messe-free." Perhaps his landlady told him it was not; at any rate, if she did, he did not know what she meant. The New Year's fair approached. Coming home from his lesson, eager, like a new pupil, to sit down to the practice of a Moscheles' Etude, or to his "Plaidy's Technical Studies," he hastened up the four stairs which led to his lodging; but what a sight met his eyes when he opened the door! An indefinite number of beds crowded into the room, and in the intermediate spaces, wherever a vacant cranny was to be found, some dozen strangers were discussing their "Töpfchen" of beer and their cigars. Dismayed at the invasion, he sought his landlady—but no redress! It is a chartered privilege, that if a person hire furnished lodgings in the "Inner Town," and does not hire them "messe-free," his host can either turn him out during the fairs, or can compel him to share his room with as many lodgers as can be squeezed into it; and Leipsic beds are very small. An unchartered privilege—and therefore more difficult to abolish—is, that everybody who deals in the necessaries of life thinks himself bound to add a considerable percentage to everything he sells.

Of late years, the current of business which flows to and from the Leipsic fairs has changed its direction. Formerly, these fairs were the great storehouses from which Russia, the east provinces of Europe, Greece, Turkey, and the Mediterranean fringe of Asia, drew their supplies. Large quantities of goods from England, France, and the Transatlantic lands were there bought, or exchanged for their own wares, by the merchants of the north, the south, and the east. Now, these same merchants order their goods directly from the manufacturers, and the Leipsic fair, every year, more and more assumes the character of a great market for the disposal of the products of German industry. The fairs are attended by a great number of small manufacturers, who bring the wares they have themselves made. This circumstance, and the predominance of what may be called the "Cottage-factory system," will perhaps prevent, or at least retard, that decline of the fairs which has taken place in other countries, and which seems to be the inevitable result of the spread of railways and other means of international communication, and to which the development of the commercial-traveller system must materially help. The abolition of the fairs would be a severe loss to the house-owners. Many localities unused during the rest of the year, bring in a messe-rent of from £15 to £150. A shop in the market, which for the other ten months of the year only lets for £45, brings the owner £90 for the Easter and Midsummer fairs. Other places, where the accommodation is greater, produce as much

as £300 for the same time. The hire of booths, and the tax on localities let by private persons, bring the corporation £3900 a year. During the three fairs of 1860 the "Aufenthaltsskarten," or permissions to reside, which all strangers yielding longer than three days are bound to procure, yielded £1065, as many as 42,552 having been issued. In 1861, during the Easter fair alone, 18,510 were applied for. This, however, does not represent the total number of strangers present; those who stay less than three days are only reported to the Police-office. Of these there were in 1860 about 78,500, and in the Easter fair of 1861 alone, 24,382. Then, besides these, there are many who do not fall into the hands of the police at all—those, for example, who only come for the day, or whose hosts will not take the trouble to report them. Probably about 70,000 persons in all visit each of the two principal fairs.

The State also makes a pretty penny. During the three fairs of 1860 the Leipsic Custom-house took £239,954 for duty, transit dues, etc.; this, however, only represents the sums received for goods sent direct from foreign countries to Leipsic; a much larger sum is paid on the frontiers of the Zollverein for goods which are further manufactured within its bounds, and are then sent to the fairs. So far as can be ascertained from the Custom-house returns for 1860, the States of Germany sent goods to the three fairs in that year in the following proportions:—Prussia 46 per cent., Saxony 32, the Thuringian States 9, Bavaria 5, Frankfort-on-the-Maine 2½, Hessen (Electorate) 1½, Hessen (Grand Duchy) 1; Baden, Hanover, Austria, Brunswick, and Württemberg (together) 2. In the same year the railways brought 1,645,766 cwt. of goods to the fairs, and the carriers 115,938 cwt.

What a bustle there is in the streets! Look out there! Here is a dray, piled up with bales and boxes, coming round the corner, and its long tail-like ladder takes up as much illegitimate room as a lady's crinoline. But who are these coming, the very antipodes of crinoline? They are Altenburg peasants' wives and daughters; but how dare I venture to describe them? Their heads are covered with a close-sitting cap of velvet and gold, or, if they are not of the wealthier classes, of printed calico, which hides every scrap of hair, and makes their broad, good-natured faces look ten times plumper and rounder; broad silk or velvet ribbons hang down from the back of the neck; the upper part of the body is covered with a tight-fitting bodice; from the waist down to not far below the knees, reaches a knitted petticoat; this is so tight and so elastic that it sets off to the greatest advantage the forms of the young ladies. The legs are clothed in stockings of dazzling whiteness, which are fastened at the knee with a splendid "bunch of blue ribbons;" a fashionable satin parasol often completes the costume—a costume so astonishing, that an English clerical friend who saw it for the first time, held up his hands in dismay, and regretted that he had not German enough to go and ask the young lady whether she were aware that she had dropped her upper garment. The "worse halves" of these ladies are remarkable for their spindle-shanks, which are encased in velvet or leather balloon-like trowsers, tucked in at the knee into a kind of Hessian boot.—What's the matter with that puzzled-looking man? Oh, he's a countryman of ours; by dint of grammar and dictionary, he has painfully got together enough German to ask his way; but the polite Leipsicker answers with such a shower-bath of words and such a mass of gesticulations and pointings to all the quarters of the compass, that our friend is quite dumbfounded; he makes believe, of course, that he has understood every-

thing, but the irresolute, helpless twitch of his knees as he goes on his road, betrays the imposition.—There's something tickling my ear! it's the head-dress of a Saxon peasant woman. This head-dress also conceals the hair, as is the case in so many of the German States; and projecting right and left from the small of the neck are huge butterfly wings of net and lace, and a cataract of ribbons hangs down the back—a costume anything but practical on a windy day.

Here's a crowd round a window. What's to be seen? That is Hawsky's toy-shop, and the curious gapers are staring with admiration at a revolving show-tray; you would never guess what is the moving power; it is simply an every-day English bottle-jack! What an ignominious use for the unfortunate machine! But what could the thing expect if it came into a land where the people know nothing of the pleasures of poking the fire, and where the "roast" beef is boiled?—Take care, my friend! keep to windward of this fellow; he's a Polish Jew, whose ablutions are most evidently purely (or impurely) matters of ceremony. His long greasy caftan seems to have been born with him and to have grown with his growth, and never to have been laid aside; and as to his hair and beard—pah! make haste!—Here is another odd-looking being, whose fez and fur-lined coat do not at all invite a closer intimacy; he may be a portly Turk, or a meagre Greek, or a Wallachian. Just go into the Greek chapel on a Sunday; the members of the congregation kiss the pictures of the saints with great fervour, and listen to the singing of the service with great attention, which proves that the drums of their ears must be singularly tough; but when I look at their crafty faces I am thankful that I have not to deal with them. According to the Leipsic calculation tables it takes three Christians to cheat a Jew, and three Jews to cheat a Greek.—Here are a bevy of university students, wearing across their breasts the colours of their respective clubs, or (a sign of the times) the long-forbidden black, red, gold—the German tricolor; and their little caps, like decanter trays, sticking to the back of their heads by the same mysterious law that kept Queen Elizabeth's crown from an ignominious fall.—Now we hear some words in Russian, now a screaming dialogue in Greek; is it possible that the awful-sounding sonorous language of our school-days can be so gabbled as were it nothing but Billingsgate English? Now it is a chattering hailstorm of French; now the mellifluous flowing Italian; again, a group are guessing, and calculating, and demonstrating in all the varieties of nasal and drawling American; now a genuine English sentence makes us turn round and enjoy a look at a fellow countryman; again we fancy we hear English words, but the speakers are Danes, Swedes, or Norwegians; and before, behind, around, all the varieties of German, high and low; the pure language of the Hanoverian and the atrocious grammar and mispronunciation of the conceited Berliners, who make as much havoc with their g's and with their datives and accusatives as a cockney does with his h's, and v's, and w's.

But tempting as it is, I must not let my Messfremde loiter in the streets. He may just drink a cup of coffee at the renowned Gesswein's in the Brühl, or at the "Café Français," or at Kintschy's: it is too cold yet to go into the beautiful Rosenthal, where, in the summer, the Leipsickers sip their coffee, and are sipped by the goats. We must get on to business, and see what are the great staple articles brought to the fairs, whence they come, and whither they go; and I think I may promise even my fair readers that they may find something to interest them in the busy whirl of the Leipsic Fairs.